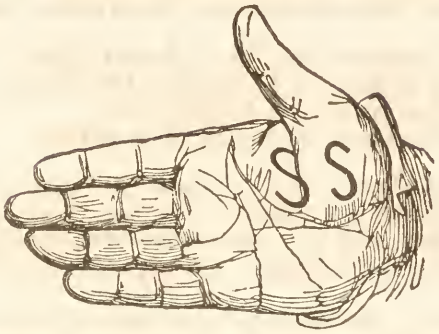
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[No. 9.] *Read and circulate.*

THE BRANDED HAND.



Walker resided in Florida with his family from 1836 until 1841. He then removed to Massachusetts because he would not bring up his children among the poisonous influences of slavery. While in Florida, the colored people whom he employed were treated as equals in his family, much to the chagrin of the slaveholders of that region. In 1844 he returned to Pensacola in his own vessel. When leaving, seven of the slaves who had in former years been in his employ, and were members of the church with which he communed, begged to go with him. He consented. When out fourteen days, a Southern sloop fell in with and seized them. Prostrated by sickness, he was confined in a dungeon, chained on a damp floor without table, bed or chair. He was in the pillory for an hour, pelted with rotten eggs, branded S. S.—slave stealer—in the palm of his right hand, by Ebenezer Dorr, United States Marshal, fined $150, and imprisoned eleven months.

THE BRANDED HAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wrong, the duty which God hath written out
On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt!
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-sole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they crowd our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the templar, home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars
The scars of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimetars,
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!

For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine;

While the multitude in blindness to a far off Saviour knelt,
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt;
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men know;
God's stars and silence taught thee as His angels only can,
That, the one, sole *sacred thing* beneath the cope of heaven is MAN!

That he, who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
But wo to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and rod
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophecy, "SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that sign,
When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line:
Wo to the State-gorged leeches, and the church's locust band,
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand!

Jonathan Walker is now free, and will be in Philadelphia at the time of the Fair. A public meeting will be called which he has consented to address. His history is deeply interesting. It is published in a book of 119 pages, and for sale, price 25 cts. at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth St. As he is not expected to remain long with us, those who wish to see his BRANDED HAND and to hear the tale of his wrongs and persecutions, ought to be in the city at the time. *Remember the 18th, 19th and 20th days of December!* Let them be devoted to the slave whether you come to the city or not.

LINES,

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

On reading of the Capture of certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington.

The following spirit-stirring lines were elicited by one of those deeply interesting, but too soon forgotten, events which must sometimes occur in a country where one portion of the inhabitants holds another portion in a state of bondage. A party of about seventy slaves, burning with the love of liberty, that boast of Americans, made a bold effort to obtain their freedom, by escaping from their masters. Not having been blessed, probably, with the example of many practical exhibitions of Christianity, nor having breathed an atmosphere of love and good will to man, and having doubtless, often heard glowing expressions of the sentiment that it is a "glorious thing to fight for one's liberty," it is not greatly to be wondered at, that they armed themselves to resist any efforts which might be made to recapture them. As might have been anticipated, their attempt proved a failure. A few, indeed, escaped, but the greater part were retaken, or murdered in the contest with their pursuers. It is passing strange that such deeds, done in the nineteenth century, in a land which calls itself "*Christian*," and boasts of being the freest nation on earth, do not awaken the people to a knowledge of the character of their institutions. The rights of these men were not cloven down by a mob, in the violation of our laws and constitution, but in accordance with them. Every foot of this broad land, *protected* by our Federal Constitution, is the slaveholder's hunting ground, and upon it, with that parchment in his hand, for his warrant, may he seize and re-enslave his trembling victim. When will the fires of freedom kindle in the breasts of this nation? so that they shall respond with a long and loud Amen, to the call of our poet, "O, fling it to the wind!—the parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind." Sadly recreant to God must a human spirit become, ere it loses sight of the glorious and ennobling truth, that "MAN is more than Constitutions," and that the "traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accurst." The call to come up to the help of the slave, against his oppressor, in the might and majesty of *moral* power, has gone abroad to this people, and happy are they who have risen up at the sound, and betaken themselves to the work.

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle, they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man;
Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with ease,
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these:

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest;
And, if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,
'Tis but my Bay-State dialect—our fathers spake the same!

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day!

Are we pledged to craven silence? O, fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human-kind—
That makes us cringe, and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,
While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast?

Though we break our father's promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accurst;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God?

We owe allegiance to the State, but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirits's core,
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding Sun,
That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of Right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all: Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart.
When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay-State's iron shore,
The word went forth that Slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 'tis decreed our slaves shall go,
And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh.
If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.

'Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin;
But, if man before his duty with a listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.

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Copies of this tract can be had *gratis*, by applying at the office of the Bugle. Subscriptions to National A. S. Standard, Liberator, Pennsylvania Freeman, and Herald of Freedom, received at the same place.

Anti-Slavery Publications.

J. Elizabeth Hitchcock has just received, and has now for sale at her boarding house, Sarah Galbreath's, west end of High street,

THE CONSTITUTION A PRO-SLAVERY COMPACT, or selections from the Madison Papers.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES, or a true picture of the American Church and Clergy, by S. S. Foster.

COME-OUTERISM, or the duty of secession from a corrupt church, by Wm. Goodell.

THE AMERICAN CHURCHES the BULWARKS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, by James G. Birney.

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"THE DISUNIONIST," by Wendell Phillips.

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